





# The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.  
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

ANDREW GARRIE was once a messenger boy. This gave him leisure to sit down and think out a way to make a great fortune.

A HAWAIIAN millionaire will bequeath his fortune to the city for the erection of an asylum for spinsters. It will be a veritable asylum for mad people.

BREES are compelled to visit from 90,000 to 200,000 flowers in order to make a pound of honey. Just think what they must have to do to make a president.

The flute is the oldest of musical instruments, but it is not as common as it was many years ago, before people got to wasting so much breath on politics and theology.

Good Mother Nature has stored up bountiful supplies for the generations to come. A coal field forty-eight feet thick has been discovered by the Great Northern Railroad in Australia.

CALIFORNIA has taken an invoice of her giant trees left standing, and finds 2,675. The largest of these is 69 feet in circumference. Visitors at the World's Fair will see one of them.

An immigrant girl who landed in New York the other day has a nose five and seven-eighths inches long, but you can't always tell by the length of the nose how far it will go into other people's business.

The fact that Col. H. J. Isby, the gifted Alabamian, is still talking about his solution of the problem of perpetual motion calls for the dreadful suspicion that he has solved it with Samson's favorite weapon.

TWO STREET-ARABS have been arrested for robbing a postoffice to secure cigarette money. If it had been a game the larceny would have been committed notwithstanding. A cigarette-smoker is a hopeless case.

Why do people wait until a man is sick, and can't eat, to send him good things? When he is well, and would like something good, no neighbor comes in with fancy jellies, old wines, and things like that. Things are very unfair.

Did you ever try to figure out how much is due to the accident of birth? If you have not, don't try the experiment, because you are liable to find out that you have taken hold of a problem that will stay by you during your lifetime.

The news that Italian immigration has begun to fall off will call out no regrets in this country. We obtain many good citizens from Italy, doubtless, but we unquestionably get as many bad ones from that quarter as from all the rest of Europe put together.

TWELVE THOUSAND DOLLARS' worth of choice dog-flesh wrapped up in three hides was landed in New York City a few days ago and was received with more marks of distinguished honor than a whole shipload of human flesh from the country of Christopher Columbus that happened to be landed about the same time.

An old British soldier who served in India is authority for the statement that the real name of Rudyard Kipling is John Trinder and that his father was for many years a sutler and contractor. Thus vanish our literary idols one by one. How Rudyard did pour the vials of his contempt upon trade and traders in his breezy letters.

ENGLAND has exiled King Theobald of Burmah to Bombay. There he lives with his harem, his stable, his servants and all the luxuries of the season and without a care, all at the expense of the imperial treasury. There are some monarchs now in full commission in England who would be glad to exchange places with him.

OWEN COUNTY BRECKINRIDGE, a lawyer of the Pacific coast, owes a portion of his name to a romantic circumstance. In 1853 John C. Breckinridge was running for Congress in Kentucky, and Owen County gave him the victory, and to a son born upon the day of the election he gave the county's name as an expression of his gratitude.

ONE of the best living English humorists is Jerome K. Jerome, the author of "Three Men in a Boat," "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," and "The Diary of a Pilgrimage." American readers have supposed that was his real name. The *Book News*, in speaking of his last mentioned, "The Diary of a Pilgrimage," gives the author's name as J. W. Arrowsmith.

A QUESTION has been raised in Ohio about the legality of marriages consummated by retired clergymen. The law reads that any minister of the gospel, "while a regular minister of a society or congregation," can perform the marriage ceremony. The right of retired clergymen to perform the marriage ceremony has not before been seriously questioned.

That esteemed contemporary, the Atlantic cable, takes pains to inform this gaudy continent that his royal highness, the Prince of Wales, removed his gloves when he went into the direction of our desires, however, to learn that Sir Edward Clarke, barrister, removed his gloves when he went into the Prince of Wales.

EVERY man prides himself upon his honor. You can offer a man no greater insult than to tell him he is devoid of any sense of honor. Besides, the man who has the least idea of what it is to be and act honorably, is the one who boasts most loudly of his honor. Yet a sense of honor in men preserves society; keeps them from going headlong into wariness and crime. It induces them to mend shattered fortunes, to brighten tarnished family

names, and to rescue reputations that are assailed and trampled down. Honor has its own incentives for men, after all.

ONE W. E. Robinson of Lake City, Fla., warns the public in due form that he will not be responsible hereafter for any bills contracted by his late wife, Nancy, "she disclaiming me and refusing any longer to obey or be controlled by me." Good for Nancy! We hope she will issue a similar proclamation and refuse to pay any bills contracted by her late husband. He is out of place as a husband in this age of the world.

THE Arizona type of deputy marshal is a peculiar animal and must be a delight to the prisoner whom he has in custody. The two who went to sleep in a railroad station with a notorious train robber between them are fine specimens of their class. It was bad enough for the prisoner to sneak away, break into blacksmith shop and remove his tools, but for him to pick the pockets of his custodians was adding insult to injury.

The law of Ohio regarding the solemnizing of marriages provides that any minister of the gospel, "while a regular minister of a society or congregation," can perform the marriage ceremony. An ex-clergyman who had been marrying people for several years has just been told in Cincinnati that all such marriages are illegal. As other States may have similar laws, it behooves people who may be interested to look after similar irregularities.

SCARFOLG, or the science of telling the character of a man by the wear of the soles of his boots, has been attentively studied by a Swiss doctor of the name of Galli. Speaking briefly, wear at the back of the heels invariably indicates conceit, pride and vanity. Soles worn toward the toes demonstrate deceit, and even criminality, while a sole that shows an equal amount of wear on every part of the surface denotes a frank, upright, and fearless character.

THE Southern people pride the law on being gallant, yet the law of Kentucky will not permit the issue of a marriage license upon the application of the prospective bride. This is just. If a woman has succeeded in luring the man of her choice and he has rendered aid to discretion, she should have her license, as delays and complications at that critical stage of the game are dangerous in the extreme and may result in the wrecking of the whole negotiation.

ANTWERP diamond frauds are said to have fooled the world with 25,000,000 francs worth of bleached diamonds since they commenced the business. But as long as the owners are not aware of the fraud they are happy. A gentleman of Chicago found what was pronounced a valuable diamond by many who examined it. But a thorough test proved it was but an imitation. There are many "valuable diamonds" that would meet the same verdict under careful tests.

A YOUTHFUL forger has been sentenced at Warsaw, Ind., to spend two years as the guest of the State in the northern prison at Michigan City. This young man was on the very threshold of a most brilliant and successful career of crime, which was destroyed by the fact that he spelled the name Emanuel "Mauel," arousing the suspicion of a bank cashier. His fate should arouse the public to a greater enthusiasm in the cause of popular education, illustrating as it does the evil effect of a failure to spell properly.

A HIGHLY esteemed medical journal tells us that a sneeze may be suppressed by pressing the finger hard upon the upper lip. But, sakes alive, who wants to suppress a sneeze unless he wants to be burglarizing a neighbor's house or something of that sort? There's all too little fun in this world now, without trying to shut off the innocent enjoyment of a sneeze. And inasmuch as there is an ancient tradition and belief that when one sneezes he casts out devils, it would seem to be a scheme of the evil one to suppress sneezing. Good, honest people should frown it down.

THE South is making a desperate effort to attract Northern capital to its midst, and in view of the fact that a Georgia man the other day caught a wild rabbit, with a heavy gold chain round its neck, and a Florida "cracker" at about the same time caught a fish with a silver watch in its maw, it looks as if she might succeed. If the sports of the Southern field and stream are to be supplemented by the chance of shooting game with diamond earrings in its ears and of catching fishes jewelry stores concealed about them, the North is likely to lose its enterprising capitalists unless the patriotic people of the Dakotas begin to trap prairie chicken with gold lining in their teeth.

Isn't This Nice? The King of Siam is said to have in one of his country palaces a wonderful pavilion. It was built by a Chinese engineer as a refuge for the King during the extreme heat of the summer. The walls, ceilings and floors are formed of pieces of plate glass an inch thick. These are so perfectly fitted together with a transparent cement that the joints are invisible, and no fluid can penetrate. The pavilion is 28 feet long and 17 wide, and stands in the middle of a large basin of beautifully colored marbles. When the King enters the pavilion the single door is closed and cemented. Then the sluiceways are opened, and the basin is filled with water. Higher and higher it rises until the pavilion is covered, and only the ventilators at the top connect it with the open air. When the heat of the sun is so great that the water almost boils on the surface of the freshest fountains this pavilion is deliciously cool. And this is the way the King of Siam cools himself off in hot weather. It sounds very delightful.

FRIDAY in Presidential records: Inaugurated on Friday: J. Q. Adams, Pierce and Garfield. Born on Friday: Washington, Madison, Monroe, Pierce and Hayes. Died on Friday: Tyler, Polk, Pierce and Arthur. Lincoln was assassinated on Friday.

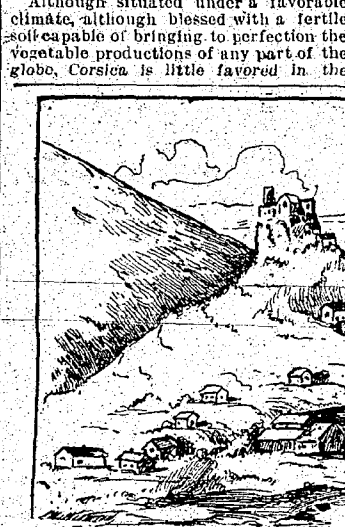
## ISLAND OF CORSICA.

WANDERINGS IN THE HOME OF THE BONAPARTES.

Character of the Corsicans—The Vendetta—Corsican Equality—Future of Efforts to Civilize the Island—Not a Favorite Resort for Tourists.

THE island of Corsica, being off the usual lines of summer travel, is seldom visited by tourists, nor are they encouraged to undertake it. In the course of a tour, as its population have acquired a not altogether undeserved reputation for crime. For many reasons, however, says the *Graphic*, Corsica is interesting to the enterprising traveler who sees it to undertake an examination of its rural districts, and a tour through the heart of the island will repay the curious student of human nature. The territory to be traversed is by no means considerable, as Corsica is about 110 miles long by fifty broad in its widest part, and contains 3,000 square miles, being therefore about as large as Delaware and Rhode Island together. Within this comparatively limited district it comprises, however, as large a variety of scenery as can be found in any other part of Europe.

Although situated under a favorable climate, although blessed with a fertile soil capable of bringing to perfection the vegetable production of any part of the globe, Corsica is little favored in the eyes of the world.



A VILLAGE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Character of its inhabitants: they are not fond of farm work, and, out of more than 2,000,000 acres of arable land in the island, less than 600,000 are cultivated, and this very badly. A large portion of the island is covered by forests; a still larger portion by a species of brushy plants of a hundred kinds, mostly fragrant bloomers, combine to produce the densest thicket or jungle to be found outside of India. Here and there the brush is cut down or cleared out, in order that grass may grow for the benefit of the herds; but as the Corsican sheep and goats browse upon the thimble, sometimes far above the timber, and the grass grows with great abundance, even this precaution for providing them a pasture is generally neglected, and they pick up their living where they can. The population of Corsica is a mixed race, for the island has been ruled successively by the Phoenicians, the Carthaginians, the Greeks, Romans, Goths and Vandals, to say nothing of the old Pisans, the Genoese and the French, who have come in later times, and the unfortunate Corsicans seem to partake, in a manner at least, of the combined bad qualities of all their ancestors. Their faults are innumerable, and have too often been dwelt on to need a list.



A STREET IN AJACCIO.

certainty either pleasant or profitable. But they have some good qualities: they are liberty-loving, open-hearted, generous, and hospitable. The Corsican peasant, at whose house you stop for a meal, will be insulted at the offer of pay. The Corsican shepherd will go miles out of his way to direct you in the right road, and will laughingly refuse a gratuity for his services. Even the Corsican innkeeper will not make you out a bill, but will, as a late tourist expresses it, "give time being is safe. But only for the time being. The Corsican's vengeance never sleeps, never tires. Men have been known to live for years behind the battlements of their own houses, not daring to set foot without their own doors, and at last, when they thought the avenger was far away, went forth to fall at their own doorsteps by a musket shot from the hidden foe. But the avenger does not consider it necessary to expose his own life: a shot from ambush is quite sufficient, a single blow from a knife will kill just as quickly as one in the breast; and thus the brutal system of assassination goes on. The murderers of Corsica are the so-called brigands, but they differ materially from the brigands of Italy. The object of the latter is murder, but the former disdain to rob; their friends and relatives are not slow to provide all their necessary wants, furnish them with the simple food that satisfies their hunger, and wait them of the approach of the avenger; so they wait for nothing; their sole object is to avenge death by committing another murder. The wild desire for vengeance seems to have extended even to the women of Corsica, and their ferociousness, the direct outgrowth of the vendetta, is a terrible thing. The literature of cursing, bitterness and revenge; not a mourning for the dead, but a curse directed toward the living. Crimes against property are rare. Corsica is a slight concern that some years ago when an English sheep farmer had a difference with a neighbor, the manager of his flocks came to him quickly and intimated that for \$5 he could have the man shot. The Englishman, over the dead body of a murdered king, who have averaged murder by themselves becoming murderers that the brigands are safe in their brushy fastnesses.

The greatest honor of Corsica is in having given birth to Napoleon, and its greatest show place is the house where he was born. It is in Ajaccio, one of

the best towns in the island, and the future Emperor was born in one of the best houses of the town, for the Bonaparte family were by no means so poor as they have been represented. The house is still a famous show place, for although the French affect to despise Corsica, and the Corsicans have no love for the French, thousands of Frenchmen

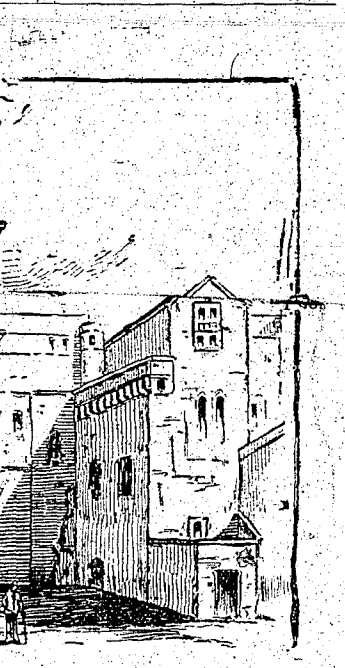
every year visit the spot where their greatest ruler first saw the light. Much of the furniture used by the Bonapartes in Ajaccio still remains, although in its original condition, for relic-hunters have bought or stolen piece by piece, until, of some of the chairs, only the frames remain, and although the greatest care is exercised in the preservation of the property, little by little detachable portions disappear.

Although France was his adopted home, Napoleon had a great affection for Corsica. He loved its mountains and valleys, and said he could detect the smell of the Corsican flowers miles out at sea. He made many plans for the improvement of the island and to better the condition of its population, but never carried them out, for he could not spare the leisure from his vast continental schemes to perfect measures for the improvement of Corsica. For more was done for it by Napoleon III. Roads were built to every part of the island; bridges were constructed over the torrents, and on each side of the French highways each clearing were made, so that lying in wait with intent to murder was made more difficult than it had ever been before. Roads were constructed for the passage of French troops, and in order that brigandage might be suppressed, Napoleon this island to the vendetta. In furtherance of this plan, an edict was passed forbidding any firearms or ammunition whatever to be sold in Corsica. The soldiers went from house to house collecting guns, pistols, and daggers. The whole island was swept from end to end, and murderers were captured. Some were put to death; more were sent to prison for long terms; and some were exiled and forbidden to return. The vendetta, however, was not suppressed, and the use of firearms even for sporting purposes, and the possession of a dagger being a penal offense, the vendetta declined only to revive, however, after the abrogation of the edict. The vendetta is the characteristic trait of the Corsican character, and pale into insignificance in the light of the fact that the most cowardly forms of assassination are daily employed to gratify private vengeance. It is the worst stain upon the island, and on the character of its people, and although this land so favored lies at the very doors of France, it must still be considered as a semi-barbarous condition.

At present the vendetta prevails in Corsica with as much virulence as ever. All classes of people go armed to the teeth; the shepherd, elsewhere peaceable, in Corsica carries a loaded musket, a pair of pistols in his belt, and usually has concealed somewhere on his person a murderous stiletto. The slightest insult is sufficient to provoke a deadly feud; a quarrel which elsewhere would end in a few blows, in Corsica is the beginning of a long series of murders. A pair of pistols in his belt, and usually has concealed somewhere on his person a murderous stiletto. The slightest insult is sufficient to provoke a deadly feud; a quarrel which elsewhere would end in a few blows, in Corsica is the beginning of a long series of murders. A pair of pistols in his belt, and usually has concealed somewhere on his person a murderous stiletto. The slightest insult is sufficient to provoke a deadly feud; a quarrel which elsewhere would end in a few blows, in Corsica is the beginning of a long series of murders.

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THE HOUSE WHERE NAPOLEON WAS BORN.

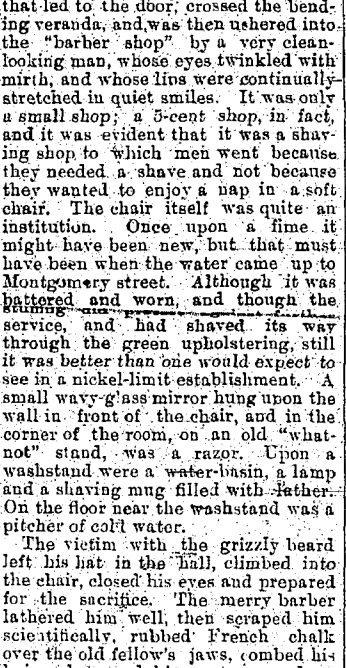
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## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THOUGHTS WORTHY OF CALM REFLECTION.

A Pleasant, Interesting and Instructive Lesson, and Where It May Be Found—A Learned and Concise Review of the Same.

The lesson for Sunday, July 20, may be found in John 1: 1-17.

INTRODUCTION. This is one of the incidents of Christ's life for whose revelation you are indebted to John. Coming last with his account of the Christ life, he brought in many things of them, by the synopses, and this is one of them. It is such an incident as we might well expect from the beloved disciple. His theme is the more spiritual aspects of Christ's ministry, and in the conversation with Nicodemus, one of the profoundest of the doctrines of the new kingdom, is uttered an utterance which has a reverent hearing in our schools to-day as it had on that night in old Judea.

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS. Of the Pharisees. On from the Pharisees. Nicodemus, his conversation with the Pharisee party, but not that he represented them in this interview. "A ruler of the Jews." Of members of the Sanhedrin, as we have seen.

To Jesus, Greek, to him. (Revision.) By night. Not necessarily a synonym of weakness, though it may indicate caution. Nicodemus, a large concession. The rabbi were the acknowledged and accredited teachers. "We know. Hinting at the general, though it may be, withheld conviction of his own. (Come from God; is a prophet. These miracles. We see here the immediate utility of the miraculous. Excepted. He will bring them. There are other kinds of miracles, betraying the pit; but these, performed by Christ, spoke of God. The word with (meta) has its first meaning, with, together with, in the same side or party with, and of, etc.

Verily, verily. Frequently introducing a great and solemn declaration. Matt. 23: 10, etc. I say unto thee. Nicodemus had spoken, now Christ. Except taking up the same word just now somewhat lightly dropped by Nicodemus. Again. First meaning, from Nicodemus Christ as a true teacher goes right to the core of matter. It is a changed heart that is needed. He cannot see another apparent faltering of Nicodemus. Nicodemus in the Greek. Nicodemus had just said "no man can do this." Jesus says, "no man can see the kingdom of God without being born again." The divine life in the one that sees and the one that does.

How? The natural question of the carnal mind, and the surest test of a true teacher. When he is old. The word (geron) frequently applied to elders or seniors, implying possibly some degree of age on the part of Nicodemus. Can he enter? Reductio ad absurdum.

Born of water. Either baptism or a symbol of purity; perhaps both. We have in the Bible the strange old teaching of the baptist (Dr. Abbott) defending the former view, and a baptist (Dr. Broadus) the latter. In this case there is a quite different basis for the teaching. The Spirit, I. e., from above, from God. Flesh is flesh. Like Nicodemus, like the flesh of the spirit; but spirit can descend to flesh. Nicodemus, I. e., in view of the plain psychological principle just stated. Ye must be born again. A truth of science as well as of revelation. The word (pneuma) is the same (pneuma) in the original, and there has been a great deal of talk about it in the language on this account. So is every one; I. e., so in impotence and mystery.

What the Lesson Teaches. A teacher of Israel. Or, the teacher. Hence, the doctrine of the new birth is, presumably, to be learned also from the Old Testament.

We do know. Not the same word as "know" in the verse preceding. There it is a recognition, here it refers to independent voluntary action. We have seen. See v. 13. Our witness. Same word translated testify in the line above. Nicodemus, I. e., from above, from God. The Spirit, I. e., from God. The Spirit, I. e., from God. The Spirit, I. e., from God.

Earthly things. Including the new birth already revealed, and referring to the divine life as lived on earth. Nicodemus had just said, "no man can do this." Jesus says, "no man can see the kingdom of God without being born again." The divine life in the one that sees and the one that does.

Which is in heaven. Even when on earth. As Moses lifted up the serpent. He is still further explaining the new birth, using an illustration familiar to Nicodemus. Son of man. Just spoken of as in heaven, but now voluntarily appearing on earth, on earth and subject to earth's indignities. What the Lesson Teaches. A teacher of Israel. Or, the teacher. Hence, the doctrine of the new birth is, presumably, to be learned also from the Old Testament.

The same came to Jesus by night. I am not here to say that Nicodemus came to Jesus by night. The word (pneuma) is the same (pneuma) in the original, and there has been a great deal of talk about it in the language on this account. So is every one; I. e., so in impotence and mystery.

Except a man be born again. This was Christ's exception, and it was Nicodemus. The ruler of Israel had come with his "except," and it was a pleasant, complimentary "except." God be true, but Jesus wants no money, wants no needs, wants no hero lets fly an arrow that gets between the horns of the horns and flashes all of the light of the sun. The word (pneuma) is the same (pneuma) in the original, and there has been a great deal of talk about it in the language on this account. So is every one; I. e., so in impotence and mystery.

Ye must be born again. Nicodemus has been called a representative of those churchmen who know the written creed without knowing the grace in the heart. Whether this be so or not, Nicodemus hears at this time some new and wholesome truth, truth he believes that renders and reconstructs. Mayor Howard, of Toronto, uses strong language regarding this incident from John's gospel: "I believe in doctrine, but an unevangelized built up and fenced in with doctrine is nearer hell than the most miserable drunkard. Doctrine is safe food for the sons of God."

Ye receive not our witness. What is faith but this? We take Christ at his word. "No man hath ascended up to heaven but he that came down from heaven." Then only Christ can testify from sight of the heavenly mystery. He speaks of that which he knows and testifies of that which he has seen. There are many guesses at truth abroad, many clever conjectures and surmises. Only One can tell us with assurance of the things of God. The word (pneuma) is the same (pneuma) in the original, and there has been a great deal of talk about it in the language on this account. So is every one; I. e., so in impotence and mystery.

God sent his Son into the world to condemn the world. I could scarcely have believed it from any one else even coming from an angel. But Jesus, it is his own testimony, and yet witness we receive. Men have been trying to persuade me that they have seen the Son of God. Nay, Lord, thou art not here for that. The day of judgment is yet beyond. This is the day of grace. A Savior which is Christ the Lord. So called the angels. Lord, help us to echo the strains of Bethlehem down all the hills and through all the valleys at home, abroad. Jesus saves! Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!

Next Lesson.—Christ at Jacob's Well. John 4: 5-30.

## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Anecdotes and Bright Sayings of Cute Children.

A True Story for the Child. I wonder if the children who read this know what a dreadful thing it is not to have any water to drink?

If you do not, sometime when you are working or playing hard and think you would like a drink of water, just try and go without it, and see how thirsty you will be, and every time you think of water you will seem to grow thirstier.

Do you know that a great many years ago the doctors used to think if any one had a fever they must not have any water to drink? They thought the fever burning in their veins and no water to drink. Besides they did not bathe them with something cooling to allay the fever.

About seventy years ago, away among the green hills of Vermont, a little boy of three years lay sick of fever. He was very sick, and the doctor looked very grave. Poor little Jesse! How his mother's heart ached as she bent over the little wasting form of her baby and listened to his continual cry, "water, water," and dared not give him any.

You may be sure that he often fell on the little hot face. Every day he grew worse until at last his pitiful cry for water ceased, the little parched tongue could no longer move. The doctor said, "The child is dead." Jesse (for he was a father), then turned to the parents and said, "I can do no more; your baby must die."

A few moments after, some one carried a glass of water to one of the friends gathered around the little bed. Little Jesse could not speak, but his eyes followed the water as long as it was in his sight. The poor mother could bear it no longer. Speaking to the doctor, she said, "The child is not alive now. I give him some water; he wants it!"

Nothing will hurt him now," was the reply; "give him anything he wants." Quickly the cool water was placed to his parched lips, and although almost past the power to swallow, he drank eagerly and each swallow with more energy. Then who a long and healthy fraction the weary eyes closed—not in death, but in sleep, sweet, blessed sleep. The hot, dry skin grew moist, then the quick, panting breath grew slower, and more regular, and they knew that little Jesse was saved, saved by the pure sparkling water



# The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

People devote one-third of their time to making others wretched, and another third to complaining that others are not more cheerful.

It takes a sailing vessel 125 days to go from Philadelphia to San Francisco. Well, why isn't it sensible enough to sail from some port with go to it?

MILLIONAIRE ROCKEFELLER is suffering from nervous prostration, but no one need worry, Mr. Rockefeller can afford any luxury affected by the richest of the rich.

You can't judge the number of mourners a man leaves by the number of carriages in his funeral procession, but you can judge something of the money he left.

"English society is rotten to the core," says the Bishop of Manchester. Yet there are numerous Americans whose sole object in life is to imitate English society or gain an entrance into it.

If it was not for his curiosity to know what will happen next in this world, a man would not be so unwilling to die. It is curiosity as much as hope that makes a man interested in to-morrow.

The motto of a new paper in Georgia, printed in black type on its first page, is this: "If you don't like it pour it back in the jug." The editor, in all probability, is not a moonshiner now.

PROF. GARNER, having discovered that monkeys possess an articulation, will confer a favor on the world by reporting what the monkeys say of the people who poke canes and parrots into their cages.

The nations of the earth see a mighty good example in the way that John Bull and Brother Jonathan settle the seal question. Their heads are level, and both English and American women can continue to wear seal-skin cloaks.

An Atchison girl has a tear-bottle that she cries into. When it is full, she will send it to her lover as a proof of her grief at his absence. It is hoped that it will not become a spoil. Girls are too nice and pretty to spoil everything by going around crying into bottles.

One of the names of Rosander, residence Stoughton, has discovered a new lymph cure for cancer. It is a parallel in its results with Dr. Koch's great discovery. It may in time become a certain cure for pain and disease as a dose of streptococci, or an ax, or a revolver.

Fate seems to make things fit nicely. Just as wood was giving out coal was discovered, just as whale oil was about exhausted petroleum was found; and now just as we have about given up hope of being angels Mr. Maxim assures us that his flying machine will soon be ready.

The Prince of Wales nor no other man occupying exalted place could have carried on his excesses and held his place in good society in the United States. The public press would have roasted him and served him done, long ago. The English press is doing a good deal of roasting as the case stands.

How much better off is a man at the end of a week than he was at its beginning? He is just as poor, a little older, a little more tired out, a little more irritable, and a little less hopeful. If he ever sits down and reckons it all up, he is either a hopeful fool or a very brave man if he continues cheerful.

A BALTIMORE surgeon has restored a man's eye to usefulness after a supposed blindness of three years by putting new lining in the eyelid. He found the material for this the man's own person, a process involving much less suffering than cutting samples to match from willing-but-unfortunate friends.

That young minister at St. Catherine's, Ontario, who ordered a crying baby to be removed from his church, may not have committed heresy, but he has at least struck a hornet's nest. And yet there is a precedent. It was Charles Lamb, was it not, who when disturbed by a vociferous infant, suggested the drinking of a toast to Herod?

If you are thinking of getting married, make up your mind to meet a great many troubles and disappointments. It is this making a hero of a plain plump man, and an angel of an ordinary woman, that is the cause of so much disappointment and divorce. The disillusion process is always a painful one. It is especially so when marriage is the cause of it.

The Rev. Sam Small has been fired out of the Methodist Church by the unanimous vote of the conference. This is about right and proper. A religious privateer has no more business cruising under the honorable flag of a respectable sect than the pirate of the seas has under the ensign of an enlightened nation. Let Small continue his doctrinal piracy under the black flag, if continue he must.

SALOONKEEPERS and others who deal in cigars would do well to closely study the law enacted by the last Congress in regard to the sale of cigars. The government law on the subject says cigars must be sold to the customer in a box, and the dealer must take out a handful of cigars and lay them before the buyer, who chooses from a cigar on a plate in a glass, makes himself liable to a fine of \$500.

PHILADELPHIA has been a fest for many a year on account of its slow-going ways, and there is ground for all the flings that have been made at it. It is only now, when one may see

in the east the flash that precedes the dawn of the twentieth century, that a free library is assured to that city. Even this is based upon a bequest, and a bequest of \$150,000. If the people of the Quaker City had been given a better opportunity to educate themselves, they might not have deposited their money in the Keystone Bank.

A COLONY of twenty-five Poles sailed from New York recently for their old homes, stating that they were disappointed with the country. They had been told that it was studded with gold mines, and free homes were ready for them with easy ways to make money. They thought they were coming to a sort of Eden, where they had only to pick the fruit. Those who were responsible for their coming ought to pay their way back. This country is not adapted to the easy-going people who do not know what it means to hustle.

The figuring of ocean records has come to be an exact science. The friends of the White Star steamer Majestic are jubilant over the fact that she has made the highest average daily run across the ocean, and that if she had followed the same course from Queens-town traversed by the City of Paris when the latter made her record which still stands, she would have beaten the latter by about fourteen minutes. Persons in haste to make the crossing will doubtless be attracted to the Majestic, but fourteen minutes in 3,000 miles or so is not practically a very serious matter.

How we admire the man who can buy a pound of beef-steak without torturing the busy clerk with his reasons for buying a pound, and his reasons for buying beef instead of pork or mutton, and the reason he is buying it instead of his wife, and how he likes steak cooked, and when he intends to eat it, and who refrains from telling his opinions of steak in general. How we admire that kind of man, and how seldom we see him. The average man thinks that no one in the world has anything else to do but to listen to what he intends to do, and his reasons for doing it. How few men there are in the world who know enough to transact their business as speedily as possible.

A lot more foolish people have gone off prying about the iceberg to find and bring home the north pole or a splinter of it. It may be all right, and laudable, and brave, but the pole isn't going to do anyone any good that he find it, and the chances are that some of the members of the expedition will be left up there so stiff and cold in death that they won't even be able to arise at the forthcoming sound of the final trumpet. The rest will have frozen ears and chilblains, and things are likely to be expensive. If anybody is trying to explore, why don't he explore around some place where he may find something of value.

More than one brave fellow will go down to his death this summer in river, pond, and sea. In the van went a 13-year-old New York "kid," Patsy Connolly, was his name. He "played hooky" from school, took his golf-stirring hammer, went to the dock and made the other "kids" dance. But Patsy's tune-maker got dithered into the river and promptly Patsy jumped in after it. But there was mud there; and then the swell of a passing boat banged him against another boat. Then Patsy, coming up the last time, shouted to the "kids" on the dock: "Don't let 'em take me body home if I drown. It'll make mudder feel bad. Take me to a undertaker's shop." Then Patsy went down, and that was all.

A SAD story with a moral comes from Aurora, Ill. Forty years ago a young lady, now Mrs. King-Hammond, and a young man named Welch were engaged to be married. Opposition of parents prevented the match. Mr. Welch resided. But a continuous correspondence has been kept up, and recently the couple decided to pass their declining days together. Mr. Welch came on to Aurora, accordingly, but when his intended saw him she fainted away and refused to have anything to do with him. Instead of the rosy, athletic youth from whom she had parted a lifetime before, and of whom she had been dreaming all these years, there stood before her a tall, wrinkled, toothless old man. Perhaps, as Mr. Welch has found it impossible to remain always a young man, it is just as well that he never married his first love.

The Canary and the Cat. A certain Canary Bird (that was perched high in a Gilded Cage) noticed the House Cat sitting outside on the icy Window Sill cooling its hind feet. "Ah there! Stay there!" said the Canary. "Don't you wish that you were me? Get a move on you. Old Fellow, or you will freeze to that Window Sill. What are you thinking about, Green Eyes, anyway?" "I was thinking," answered the Cat.

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PHILADELPHIA has been a fest for many a year on account of its slow-going ways, and there is ground for all the flings that have been made at it. It is only now, when one may see

what a Poor Shift you would make for a Living if you had been born without an ear for Music. Moral—Lots of People who are in the Swim would cut a Mighty Poor Figure if it wasn't for the accident of birth.

## GAY, STYLISH GIRLS.

WHAT THEY WEAR AND HOW THEY LOOK.

The Season of Flowers Enthusiasm Woman to Add to Her Charm—Where the Writer Would Go in Search of a Wife—Different Types of Female Loveliness.

[NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.]

THE world is a very gay place, almost as gay as the lilacs of the field which outshine the magnificence of Solomon, but I have no intention to discourse upon the meadows dotted with dandelions like a green siltken carpet set off with rift-butterflies. Far from it. I have in mind the flowers of families, those Lily, Daisy and Marguerite—flowers spoiled with a capital letter, whom I have just met at a social summer resort. I have come to the conclusion that fine feathers make fine birds, provided the birds know how to wear the feathers. That's a big proviso, however. All the fine clothes in the world won't make a stylish woman, although many women think so. Style is individuality, and must shine through the envelope in which fashion encases the woman of the day. This is the summer friends say that a dress suit accentuates the vulgarity of the vulgar, by which I presume they mean that he hasn't individually enough to animate the covering. He is like a butcher in a suit, and it doesn't give him any dignity.

These summer flowers among which I have been botanizing for types are now in fullest bloom. They will keep beauty intact for several weeks to come, but as August goes out you'll find that their delicate petals begin to show wear and tear, like the real blossoms at a flower show in its last week. If I were a man in search of a wife I'd go to the summer resorts and woo these midsummer maidens, for it seems to me that the moment a young girl lays aside her mask of rice powder and takes off her hat and gloves, that moment she stops, so to speak, out of society's parade and becomes her own sweet self.

I have a number of types in my notebook. Take, for instance, the one I set at the head of this column as a model ornament. This is the stylish girl, distinctly tall, with the gait and bearing of a duchess in plain clothes. Everything

becomes the stylish girl, and the strange thing about her is her placidity. I don't rarely see her ruffled. I mean this for a pun, for her costumes are provokingly plain, and yet the men turn and look at them—no, her no, you can't disassociate her from her toilet. She is a cat, some women say. How plain she'd be in ordinary clothes. I have called the stylish girl's costume provokingly plain. So they are at times, especially in the morning. You meet her on the street, and she is a perfect picture of a bodice whose fit is perfection, with a vest opening on a pink yellow, mauve or bluish chemise, pleated, edged with lace, and a small bow of white or fawn-colored leather belt, and a plain straw shading her lustrous hair, and set off with two or three wings set aside like the wings of a butterfly. She is a cat, some women say. How plain she'd be in ordinary clothes. I have called the stylish girl's costume provokingly plain. So they are at times, especially in the morning. You meet her on the street, and she is a perfect picture of a bodice whose fit is perfection, with a vest opening on a pink yellow, mauve or bluish chemise, pleated, edged with lace, and a small bow of white or fawn-colored leather belt, and a plain straw shading her lustrous hair, and set off with two or three wings set aside like the wings of a butterfly.

My last specimen—a double one—is the family type known as the swell girl with a rich papa, city and country. She is a cat, some women say. How plain she'd be in ordinary clothes. I have called the stylish girl's costume provokingly plain. So they are at times, especially in the morning. You meet her on the street, and she is a perfect picture of a bodice whose fit is perfection, with a vest opening on a pink yellow, mauve or bluish chemise, pleated, edged with lace, and a small bow of white or fawn-colored leather belt, and a plain straw shading her lustrous hair, and set off with two or three wings set aside like the wings of a butterfly.

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her costumes are as fresh as her complexion, which is a plum skin in texture and a peach in coloring. I have notes of many summer toilets, but not one pleased me as much as this one did, the one pictured in my illustration. The saying is, it went with the girl who wore it as the moss goes with the moss-rose. They were manifestly made for each other. The dress was a blue crepon set off with cut-out-fallico, the plastron being smooth and close-fitting, and the front of the bodice pleated very stylishly over it. At the waist there was a garniture of passementerie with garters. The sailor collar, also of the fallico, was closed with a passementerie ornament. The skirt was slashed up as indicated, showing the fallico between the flaps, which were bound with ribbon of the same color. Hat, sunshade, shoes, and gloves were all in harmony with the dress. The girl was a money-maker, and I heard the boys calling her "the girl who went to the blue hills of the field which I used to gather in my girlhood, but I must admit this blue hills from a New York brown stone front-terrace far more than they ever did. At least times change, and we change with them.

The next specimen from my notebook—illustration No. 2—is not a flower. I may call it a bit of syntax or a sprig of ivy, or, if you will, a classic of classical ornament. It is a young wife. Her hair was a fine wedding, and she now and then makes a slip of the tongue, and says, "We girls." Her trousseau has been the envy of all the midsummer maidens. "Dear me, it is a young wife, it is getting married, it is and I would, too, if it weren't that one must sit up so straight and be so dignified after getting married."

This married lady in question—No. 3 in my notebook—goes to work in a very striking costume. Imagine a gown made up of plain sea-green tulle, richly trimmed with lace, and you'll have some idea of the beauty of this costume. The dark green tulle opens upon a full cascade of lace, and the sleeves have very full lace garniture at the wrists. The green straw hat is lined with white silk and trimmed with pale green feathers and has a feather aigrette. The parasol is in darker green with lace trimming.

Again diving into my Penulium I find rather a rare type of midsummer maiden—the sentimental girl—whom you will find set forth in illustration No. 4. The sentimental girl is not always a favorite with the boys. She lacks style, and is often apt to be a shade over the top. She affects pale colors and the costume is made up of surahs, foulards, grenadines, and ocreans, and her costumes often have a home-made appearance about them, arising from the fact that she has had to do with them as they come from the hands of her dressmaker, but always takes what she calls a back at them herself. My sentimental girl wore short hair and was quite interesting without, but as she neither sewed, nor talked, sports, used slang nor seemed disposed to flirt, the boys voted her decidedly dull and were inclined to cut her, a proceeding which she merely tossed her head and remarked that the college boys of the day knew so little that their thoughts were often disconnected.

But if the sentimental girl fails with the boys, she succeeds with the brilliant success with the oldish young men, who cling desperately to the advanced toilet, as if they hoped that they might stick two years on No. 46. My last specimen—a double one—is the family type known as the swell girl with a rich papa, city and country. She is a cat, some women say. How plain she'd be in ordinary clothes. I have called the stylish girl's costume provokingly plain. So they are at times, especially in the morning. You meet her on the street, and she is a perfect picture of a bodice whose fit is perfection, with a vest opening on a pink yellow, mauve or bluish chemise, pleated, edged with lace, and a small bow of white or fawn-colored leather belt, and a plain straw shading her lustrous hair, and set off with two or three wings set aside like the wings of a butterfly.

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## THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

TESTS AND TURNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Applied Science—Served Him Right—A Love Match—A Bright Boy, Etc., Etc.

APPLIED SCIENCE. She—Is that a rattlesnake? Attendant—Yes, ma'am. "How many rattles has he?" "Fifteen and a button." "May I make him rattle?" "Certainly, ma'am." "What must I do?" "You touch the button and he will do the rest."—Arkansas Traveller.

SERVED HIM RIGHT. He talked the old man dumb and blind, Then much to his grief The old man said—"twas most unkind—" "Go on, I'm not yet deaf."

A LOVE MATCH. She—So she married for love, did she? He—Yes—love of money.

A BRIGHT BOY. Closest—I told that good-for-nothing boy to-day that he would have to paddle his own canoe. Perhaps so. But I don't mind. Closest—What did he say to that? Closest—He struck me for money to buy the canoe.

GETTING RID OF A DORE. "Just lend me your car for a moment, Mr. Hicks." "I won't do it. If you want to hear yourself talk, you'll have to use your own ears. They are big enough to hear all you have to say."

CAUSE OF THE DIFFERENCE. Collector—What? How's this? Old Patrick's property assessed at \$10,000! Last year the same was only \$100. Assessor—You see, before I assessed it I had been drunk by it."

A HABIT BROWN HAS. Jasper—I think Brown is in the habit of blowing his own horn a great deal. Lumpkin—Perhaps so. But it seems to me that he is more in the habit of drinking it.

EYES, MALE AND FEMALE. Miss Noctick—So you have been married a year. Has your husband found out about your dyed hair, false teeth, or glass eye, yet? Mrs. Wedgate—No, indeed; he's been too busy concealing the same defects in himself.—New York Weekly.

BENEFITS OF BANKING. George—I say, Jack, change me a five, would you? Jack—I haven't more than enough for lunch and car-fare in my pocket. Fact is, I don't carry money loose in my pockets any more. I put it in the bank and pay by check. "I don't care to bother with checks. I always carry money in my pockets, and I never miss a cent."—New York Weekly.

CHEAP DOCTORING. Anxious Mamma—Little Dick is upstairs, crying with the toothache. Practical Papa—Take him around to the dentist's. "I haven't any money." "You won't need any money. The toothache will stop you get there."—Good News.

HIS LAST CHOKER. "If you will cut me down as soon as convenient after the job is done," said the employer to the hangman. "Why, what difference can it make to you after you are dead?" "Ah! my friend, you must remember that suspense is worse than death."

BASINALL NOTE. "There is more growling done by that nine than by any other." "What nine is that?" "The canine."

A STRANGE CASE. Young Doctor—Was just going around to see your brother. How is he this morning? "I'm feeling very strange. The prescription I gave him contained over forty things."—New York Weekly.

CHUCKLED AGAIN. Editor—Who wrote this article? Reporter—I didn't it, sir, yesterday. Editor—Oh, did you? Well, it's bad enough to have been indicted six months ago. Good morning. —(Washington Star.

HE DOWNED IT. "mastered French in six lessons," said the liar. "Yes, I suppose so," said the cynic; "I noticed you never allowed the language to have its own way when you tried to talk it."—(St. Joseph News.

SAME OLD STRUGGLE. "Now, John," said the pessimist's wife, who had just said him to go to the hospital, "I hope you will try to throw aside all care and enjoy yourself." "I have, Maria," he replied, as he gazed at the contentionist; "but there it is again, the same old struggle to make both ends meet."—Washington Post.

THE REASON MADE CLEAR. "There's a good deal of bounce about Bounderly, isn't there?" "Yes, but it's easily explained. He was a 'bouncing baby,' I understand, when he was born."—(Philadelphia Times.

THE EFFECT OF CULTURE. Boston Girl—Oh, mother! I did something awful at the party to-night. Mother—Why, my dear child, what was it? Boston Girl—That horrid bouquet Mr. Beacon sent me had some cinnamon leaves in it. They made me sneeze and sneeze. Mother—Go on! Boston Girl—My glasses fell off and Mr. Beacon saw my bare face!—Bostonian.

COMPENSATION. "Tom is in great gloom. He started out to the races yesterday, but he fell in running for the train, broke his leg and was carried to a hospital." "What is there for him to be gleeful about?" "Well, you see, all the horses that he intended to back lost."—(Rider and Driver.

LACK OF PRESSURE. Dumly—I would like you to be my wife, but I will not press you for do. She (coolly)—Then I shall not marry you.

## JUDGING FROM APPEARANCES.

Thin Individual—Mr. Clever, I think I'll trade with you hereafter. I've been buying my meat from the butcher across the way.

Clever—Well, you look it! A GOOD MEMORY FOR FACES. "Excuse me, sir, but haven't we met before? Your face is strangely familiar." Yes, madam, our host introduced us to each other just before dinner.

"Ah, I was positive I had seen you somewhere. I never forgot a face."—(Brooklyn Life.

INJUSTICE TO THE PIG. Weary Mother—You little imp! Look at yourself; you're as dirty as a pig. Willie (appealingly)—Papa, mamma says I'm dirty as a pig. What do you think of that? Papa (calmly)—I think mamma's pretty harsh on the pig.—(Pittsburg Bulletin.

INGRATITUDE. Mr. Gotrox—What are you doing out there in the chilly night air? Come into the house. Gladys—I was just admiring the moon, papa.

Mr. Gotrox—What business have you admiring the moon when there are 32 many things in the house that I have bought expressly for you to admire? Anybody can admire the moon.—(Chicago Tribune.

SHE LOVED THEM. "Ah, what would a person do and put up with those love letters?" "That's true. I've been wearing these new shoes for a week now on a stretch, although they nearly kill me every time I walk."—(Philadelphia Times.

STRICTLY BUSINESS. "What's the matter, Clark?" asked the principal of his book-keeper. "Oh, sir, I've got so much family trouble."

"Family trouble? I want you to understand I don't pay you to have family trouble in business hours. I want you to have business trouble."—(Philadelphia Times.

BROUGHT TO TIME. She—You will ask papa, will you not? Or must I? He—Oh, I have seen him. Fact is, he made the suggestion that it was about time for me to propose.—(Indianapolis Journal.

A DOUTING THOMAS. Teacher—With the exception of the animals Noah took with him into the Ark, every living creature perished in the flood. Doubtful Tommy—The fishes, too?—(Texas Siftings.

DID NOT NEED A SCARECROW. "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going to work the corn," she said. "May I go, too, my pretty maid?" "The crows don't bother now," she said.

THE ONE SON THE OTHER. When the husband in the shade of a stinging nettle said: "Oh, for a cold and distant maid To freeze us with a stare!"

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT. "Is this calves' tongue, Mrs. Smithers?" asked the star boarder of the hotel. "It is," replied the lady. "Why do you ask?"

"It is so tough I thought it might be part of a wagon tongue." THE MAN OF THE HOUSE. "What are you sitting on that step for?" asked the policeman. "Why, I live here, and I'm locked out."

"Well, why don't you ring up the man who lives on second street and ask him to let you in?" "Why, what difference can it make to you after you are dead?"

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## MICHIGAN HAPPENINGS.

INCIDENTS THAT HAVE LATELY OCCURRED.

An Interesting Summary of the More Important Doings of Our Neighbors—Weddings and Deaths—Crimes, Casualties, and General News Notes.

The July crop report, embodying an estimate of the number of acres in May as shown by the returns of Supervisors and the average yield per acre as estimated by crop correspondents. The number of acres of wheat in the State in May of this year, as shown by returns compiled, was 1,881,774, and multiplying by the estimated yield per acre gives 24,071,558 bushels as the probable total yield in the State. This is an average per acre of 12.8 bushels in the southern counties, 12.40 in the central counties, and 11.27 in the northern counties. The area in wheat this year is more than 140,000



## The Applauder.

O. PALMER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.  
THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1891.

Entered at the Post Office at Grayling, Mich., as second-class matter.

### POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Kansas democrats will repudiate the alliance. The fanatic doctrines of that organization were too much even for the east-iron political stomachs of the democracy. —*Det. Tribune.*

Secretary Blaine told a New York Press correspondent yesterday that he would soon be at his old post again. That is the fervent hope of every patriotic American. —*Detroit Tribune.*

Major McKinley certainly has cause to feel gratified at the auspicious circumstances under which his campaign has been inaugurated. —*Minneapolis Tribune.*

What is the matter with Democratic organs that they have so suddenly stopped lying about "the great deficit in the United States Treasury"? —*Inter Ocean.*

N. A. Earle, the prominent young Republican of Grand Rapids, died of consumption Saturday noon. He had been frequently mentioned for the Ford vacancy among his party friends. —*Det. Journal.*

The latest tin plate bowl of the Times is that tin plate went up, and that now the effect of the duty on the Welsh producers will be to make them put prices down. That is as good a protection argument as the Times has printed since 1830. —*N. Y. Press.*

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1890, 60 cents was earned by American ships in carrying United States mails. During the same period nearly \$400,000 was paid to foreign steamships. The Republican postal subsidy scheme will reverse this state of affairs, and give American ships a chance to earn some of the \$400,000. —*Det. Tribune.*

We have looked in vain for some time to see our free trade contemporaries discuss the British official statistics, recently published, which prove conclusively that the exports of Great Britain have increased much less rapidly for the past thirty years than the exports of the protectionist nations of Europe. Out of England's official statistics is the fallacy that free trade foreign trade shows it to be false. —*London Blade.*

The campaign has spent a good deal of time to convince the farmer that the increased duty on binder twine under the McKinley bill would have to pay this year several cents per pound more for twine. It was a lie and denounced as such at the time by the Republicans. Farmers are now buying binder twine. What price are you paying? Buying it more than ever before? How are you, Mr. Campaign Liar? —*Hillsdale Ledger.*

Under protection of the McKinley bill American paint and oil owners are reducing prices of their productions. Indigo prints that, when the McKinley bill went into effect, were selling at 8 cents a yard are now down to within a fraction of five cents. All kinds of shirtings and sheetings are also much cheaper, notwithstanding the higher duties. Is "the tariff a tax" then? —*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

You remember last fall we were told that we would have to pay fabulous prices for all kinds of merchandise after the McKinley bill became a law. Stop and think for a moment, can you name any article in the dry goods line that costs you more now than it did a year ago? Yes, there are a very few articles, but where can you name one we can name three that cost less. Dry goods are cheaper at the present time than at any time since the war. —*Quincy Herald.*

Representative Tarsney, of Missouri, has been telling the New York reporters that he proposes to do something in the next Congress to "shoot off" to some extent, the stream of cash that is flowing out of the Treasury through the Pension Bureau. He also mentions that "before I was 20 years old I was shot full of rebel lead in two battles—Fredericksburg and Gettysburg—and had suffered the horrors of Andersonville, Milliken, and Belle Isle." Therefore he speaks as a Union soldier. —*National Tribune.*

Germany in order to secure peace strengthens its army and increases the weight of its field batteries. All the other military powers at once obtain larger credits for military preparations. Germany from the same motives of upholding the peace of Europe reorganizes the triple alliance and adds to it a naval reserve; and straightway coalition is met by coalition, and the security of England's Indian empire is menaced. The general effect of both armaments and alliances is to create an atmosphere in Europe which, if we may repeat one of Carlyle's phrases, is "electric with suspicion."

We clip the following article from the *National Tribune* on the price of wool, which we consider rather timely and to the point:—But wool is lower in price this year than last for several seasons, as follows:

1. The past two winters have been remarkably mild, and hence the demand for woolen goods, and so of wool, has been considerably reduced; the reduced demand, of course, had an effect in reducing price.

2. Importers, in anticipation of the passage of the McKinley bill, imported very largely of woolen goods and wool, and these excessive imports have their effect on price of wool now. These will soon be exhausted, and then the price of wool will improve.

3. But by far the greatest cause of the decline in the price of wool is the fact that the price of foreign wools in all the wool-growing countries has declined in the last year from 15 to 20 per cent. The wool circular of Justice, Bateman & Co., of Philadelphia, for July 1, 1891, says, on the authority of the Melbourne *Argus*, one of the highest authorities on wool in Australia, that "the average price (of wool) per bale, for the season just closed (at Sydney, New South Wales, a principal market), was 211.8s. 2d., against 214.18s. 4d. for the previous clip, thus showing a decline of 23.11s. 2d. per bale from the price paid to the Australian wool growers during the previous season, a decline of 23.77-100 per cent. Another reliable authority states that the average prices paid to the Australian wool growers for the clip now being in market in London were over 20 per cent. lower than the prices paid for the clip of the previous year."

Here, then, is the chief cause of the decline in the price of American wools since last year. The imports, especially from Australia, are largely more this year than for corresponding periods last year, partly because of the increased demands in this country, and partly because of the decline in price. The demand has been increased, because the McKinley law set many idle woolen mills in operation. Woolen goods are being more largely manufactured here, and less are being imported, and this is of course in the interest of wool growers.

If it were not for our wool tariff American wools would now sell for an average of about seven cents per lb. less than they are now selling for. The duty is nominally 11 cents on clothing wools, but as Australia wools shrink in scouring only about 50 per cent., while our unwashed Merino wools shrink about 65 per cent., the duty is in fact on the basis of our wools, only the equivalent of about seven cents per pound. The true policy of American farmers and wool growers is to stand by the McKinley law for the good it does and demand an improvement in it as soon as possible.

The free traders are hard hit at the effect of the tariff on wool. They predicted that in consequence of the tariff all woolen clothing would advance in price, "the tariff being a tax," you know. Clothing did not advance in price, but the contrary declined, showing conclusively that the tariff was not a tax. The free traders then turned tail and are doing their best to try and make the farmers believe that the price in wool is all owing to the tariff on wool. The tariff that they claimed was going to tax the workingman and consumer on all the woolen articles they bought worked the other way and instead of being a tax enhancing the price of clothing, it reduced the price hence it was necessary to produce some other argument and they fell back on the idea of convincing the grangers that the tariff they claimed would be a tax on the consumer of woolen goods was actually reducing the price of wool and injuring the farmer. This shows how hard they were hit. It will be hard for them to convince intelligent voters that the tariff works both ways, taxes the consumer and reducing the price for the producer. —*Cheboygan Tribune.*

A special telegraphic dispatch from Cleveland to a Democratic paper yesterday morning announced that Major McKinley's "prospects never looked so blue." The dispatch continued to say that "the friends of the great protectionist show by their demeanor that they appreciate the danger in the harmony which is even now apparent in the Democratic camp." This is literally whistling through a graveyard to keep up courage. The quarrels of the Ohio Democracy have been notorious. The convention at Cleveland has demonstrated them to be even deeper than reported, and McKinley's prospects of securing an enormous majority in the State were never brighter than when this false news dispatch was written.

Under the old tariff law, the duty on imported linseed oil was 25 cents a gallon. The duty under the new law is raised to 32 cents a gallon.

State these facts to any free trader, and he will immediately howl that an increase of seven cents a gallon is paid by the consumer, that there must be a trust in linseed oil, and that the country is going to the dogs because of it. But hold! last year, linseed oil sold at from 60 to 62 cents a gallon. It now sells for 45 to 55 cents a gallon—a decrease of 15 cents.

Is the tariff a tax? If so, The Blade would be glad to see it proved from the above example. —*Toledo Blade.*

### WASHINGTON LETTER

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 17, '91.

"All doubts of Secretary Blaine's condition," said a gentleman connected with the Department of State, "have been removed by his directing by wire that all the papers in a number of important matters pending before the Department be forwarded to him at once. That means that the Secretary feels well enough to resume work and that he proposes doing so." From another source it was learned that Mr. Louis A. Dent, Mr. Blaine's private secretary is at Bar Harbor prepared for work, and that he expects to make a long stay there, which he would not do if Mr. Blaine did not propose keeping him busy.

Secretary Proctor is again at his desk, having returned from his eastern trip.

Controller of the currency, Lacey, says that the assessment which he has levied upon the stock of the gutted Keystone National Bank of Philadelphia, will have the effect of determining who owns the stock, because in cases where there is a dispute the matter will be taken into court for an authoritative decision.

The guarantee of \$50,000 for the entertainment of the G. A. R. encampment of 1892, should Washington cordial and pressing invitation to hold it in this city be accepted when it is presented at Detroit next month, has practically all been subscribed, and everybody is enthusiastically in favor of giving the veterans such a reception to the National Capital as they will always remember as one of the pleasantest events of their lives.

At a meeting of the board of management of Government buildings held here this week, it was decided to send the building committee of the Board to consult with the Exposition management concerning the arrangement of grounds for the Government buildings. The committee will leave for Chicago in a few days and Superintending Architect Edbrooke will go along as the representative of the Secretary of the Treasury.

The judges and employees of the new court of private land claims, Assistant Secretary Crouse of the Treasury and Justice Beatty of Idaho, will all have to get along without any salaries from the Government until after they are confirmed by the Senate, it having been decided that no money can be gally paid to them until that time.

The official count of the money in the United States Treasury, made necessary by the change of Treasurers, which has been going on for sixty days, was completed this week. It shows there is a total of \$600,092,537 on hand, which tallies to a cent with what the books show should be on hand. This is actual money and does not include gold bars to the value of \$62,067,743; 60 silver bars, \$26,000,000; 35, and trade dollar bars, \$4,481,203. Rather a pretty showing isn't it for a Treasury which is declared by a few crack-brained democrats to be on the verge of bankruptcy?

The democrats are trying very hard to make it appear that they like the nomination of Campbell and the platform which was adopted by the Ohio State Convention last week; they are trying to convince themselves that Mr. Campbell will get enough republican votes to elect him Governor, and are succeeding very well. The National Democratic Committee has been appealed to, to use its influence to whip the kicking democrats into line and it has promised to do so, but inasmuch as they have for some time practically conceded the election of McKinley by laying wires to capture the legislature by trading votes for governor for votes for candidates for the legislature, so it is hardly probable that it will make any serious attempt to help Campbell.

The democrats are now on the eve of a row over the speakership. It has leaked out that Gorman has been working for Crisp, who is now in the lead, and the friends of Mills and the other candidates say that unless he keeps his hands off, they propose making a fight that will hurt somebody, and they don't seem to care a continental who it is. Mr. Mills has become so disgusted that he has gone to the sea-shore.

Mr. Wainmaker has prepared advertisements in accordance with the postal subsidy bill passed by the last Congress, asking proposals for carrying the mails for five years, to South American and European ports in steam vessels of four classes, all to be of American build, and the vessels of the first three classes to be so constructed as to be easily and speedily converted into auxiliary naval cruisers. These vessels are to be built upon plans approved by the Secretary of the Navy.

Ex-State Treasurer Nolen, of Missouri, has been convicted of stealing the people's money, but a Democratic judge fixed his sentence at only two years in the penitentiary. The difference between justice as administered in a Republican community and in a Democratic community is shown by the difference in the sentence of Birdsley in Philadelphia and Nolen in Missouri. Birdsley received the maximum sentence of fifteen years for his crime and Nolen the minimum sentence for his. The crimes were alike with the benefit of the doubt in favor of Birdsley. —*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

## HALLO!

## HALLO!!

### "A," Do you know??

### "B," What?

"A," That D. B. CONNER has returned from below, where he bought a new and full stock of CHOICE GROCERIES AND DRY GOODS!!

But this is not all, but you ought to get the prices on

### HAY, GRAIN AND OTHER FEED

You will be surprised at the lowness of prices on all his different lines of Goods, so much so, that you will at once be convinced where your money will go the farthest.

Do not forget the place.

It is at the store of

## D. B. CONNER,

Grayling - - - - - Michigan.

### IF YOU WANT

## A LUMBER WAGON

### ROAD WAGON, OR

## CARRIAGE?

### REAPER, OR MOWER OR DRILL?

### PLOW, OR HARROW, OR CULTIVATOR?

### OR ANYTHING IN THE LINE OF

## AGRICULTURAL \* IMPLEMENTS?

### CALL ON

O. PALMER, - - - Grayling, Mich.

The Pike's Peak railway is now in successful operation. The first passenger train reached the summit at 6:25 p. m., June 30. The train consisted of an engine and one car, occupied by sixty-five people, mostly excursionists from Denver. The lower terminus of the line is 6,400 feet above the sea level and the upper 14,147. The distance is nine miles and the steepest grade is twenty-five per cent on a rise of one in forty. On the way up, a slight snow-squall was encountered, and on the summit the air was unpleasantly cool even with heavy overcoats. The engine used on the train weighs forty tons. It operates by cog-wheels alone. The rear of the locomotive is elevated so that the boiler is nearly level when on the heaviest grades. The passenger coaches do not differ materially from the ordinary Pullman coach.

At this moment when the Democratic party is engaged in an elaborate attempt to break down the nation's credit it is well to bear the fact in mind that for over a quarter of a century the Republican party was the principal credit for this excellent condition of affairs. —*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

The world's wool markets are all lower this year and the free trader is happy. Democrat papers are busy telling farmers the McKinley bill by increasing the duty on wool has lowered the price. It isn't true and they know it, but that doesn't prevent them repeating the lie. In 1883 the duty on wool was lowered. What was the result? Farmers in Hillsdale County sold their best wools in two years thereafter at from 22 to 25 cents per pound. They also sold off their sheep at from 40 cents to 75 cents per head; a dollar buying pretty nearly the best sheep in the country! Farmers haven't forgotten these facts. In 1888 the campaign was fought on the issue of protection or free trade; protection won, and since that time the sheep industry in this country has recovered until today it is one of the most prosperous for the farmer. Farmers won't forget this, either! —*Hillsdale Leader.*

A dollar never bought more than it will buy to-day in the way of general necessities and conveniences, and the Republican party is entitled to the principal credit for this excellent condition of affairs. —*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

1/4 OFF.

### \*OPEN\*YOUR\*EYES!\* \*~\*~\*

1-4 off on all SUMNER GOODS at the Closing Sale of H. Joseph.

This is nothing New. But it is nevertheless True.

Profits are out of question at this time of the year, and we are only too glad to close out our still large stock of Summer Goods at cost or less than cost. It is the old story, making room for Fall Goods, but it's the truest story of all. The very worst that can befall a Merchant is to be compelled to carry over Light Summer Goods to the next season, for

The probability is that the new styles

of the next season will force him to keep this year's goods in the background which would be a great loss to him, and he may

As well Close them out at less than

Cost and still be ahead in the operation, and as lose we must, we choose rather to lose now and give our customers the benefit of it.

Come all and avail yourselves of this Great Opportunity.

Remember 1-4 off on all Summer Goods at the

OPERA HOUSE STORE.

## H. JOSEPH,

GRAYLING, - - - - - MICHIGAN.

### \*REAL\* ESTATE \*EXCHANGE.\* \*~\*~\*

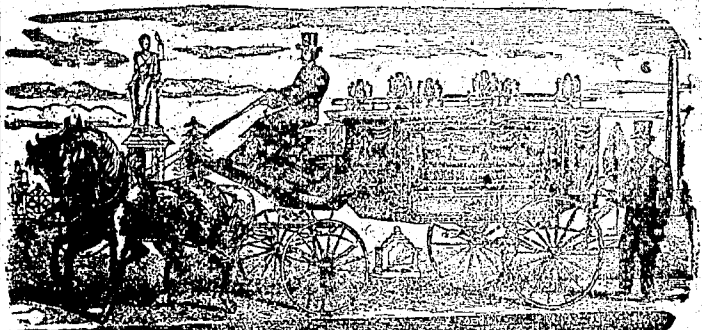
I HAVE several pieces of Real Estate for sale or exchange, that will offer a good margin to investors.

#### AMONG THEM ARE THE FOLLOWING:

A Cheap House and desirable Lot on Cedar Street. The vacant lot on corner of Cedar and Ottawa Streets. Two vacant lots on Peninsular Avenue. Very desirable. Two lots corner of Ottawa and Maple Streets. Several choice lots on Brink's addition. GOOD HOUSE, TWO LOTS, BARN, FINE SHEDBERRY, etc., corner Peninsular Avenue and Ogumaw Street, Cheap. A number of good farms. Six Houses and Lots in Jonesville. Fine Brick Store in Hudson. Any of the above property will be sold on terms to suit purchasers, or exchanged for other property. Jan. 29, 11

O. PALMER.

## UNDERTAKING! UNDERTAKING!



### AT HANSON & BRADEN'S FURNITURE ROOMS.

WILL be found at all times a full line of CLOTH and WOOD CASES and BURIAL CASES; Ladies' Gents' and Childrens' ROBES. A good HEARSE will be sent to any part of the country FREE. Especial attention given to embalming or preserving corpse.

### AMBROSE CROSS

HAS returned to Grayling to stay, and opened a BLACKSMITH SHOP

next to the Bridge, on Cedar Street, where he is prepared to do any kind of work in his line, in a thorough and satisfactory manner.

Horse-shoeing and Repairing promptly attended to. Prices reasonable.

A. CROSS.

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# The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.  
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.  
ICE-BOUND GREENLAND

THE SCENE OF NEW EXPLORING OPERATIONS.

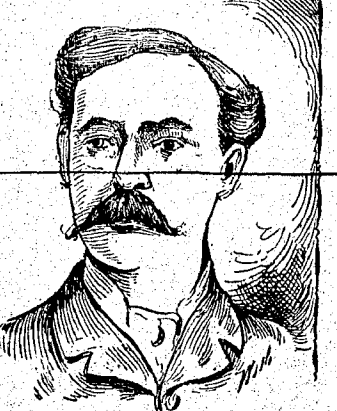
Lieutenant Peary and a Party Bound for a Journey to Determine the Country's Northern Limit and Lay Out a Route Toward the Pole.

From New York there has sailed a little bit of a whining vessel, the Kite, well seasoned to the arctic waters, with two adventurous parties, one section of which intends to lay out a route for some future expedition to the north pole, the other bent on the scientific exploration of the north-west coast of Greenland.

The two bands which have pooled their issues and arranged to travel about 3,000 miles due north in company, and afterward to separate and alone the way that will have brought each into the arctic region, are Lieut. Robert E. Peary's party, to determine the northern extent of Greenland, and the company of scientists under command of Prof. Angelo Heilprin of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, who will ascertain the physical facts about what is probably the most interesting section of the same country.

Although Greenland was colonized by Europeans a thousand years ago, very little is known about its interior, and nothing in relation to its extreme northern boundary. Some people claim that it is a continent stretching perhaps as far as the north pole, but geographers generally agree that it is an island, and that there is an ocean passage connecting the Arctic Ocean with the Atlantic not very

Peary and his party will be able to do little but preparatory work during the present year. The Kite will convey them to some suitable spot in Prudhoe Land, and they will go into winter quarters immediately, where they will wait until next summer for their great dash to the northern limits. They will deliberately get frozen in there for the



LIEUTENANT R. E. PEARY, U.S.N.

Winter. All the expeditions which have gone for the pole have met this fate, but they have had the disadvantage of being in ships which were likely to be "tipped" and sunk.

It will not be until next year, therefore, that the fruits of Peary's explorations can be picked.

With the Heilprin party, however, the case is different. After depositing Peary and his effects in the most sheltered nook it is possible to find, the

and steam fully nine knots. As a protection against ice while running from the Kite's bows, Peary has a large coil of rope, which he will use to dangle over the side. A vertical strip of rope passes from the bowsprit down the nose under the water line and some distance along the keel. The rope is 4 inches wide and 1 inch thick. Straps of from 4 inches wide and 1 1/2 inches thick are bound around the nose horizontally to snub the rope. From the stern two-thirds of the way forward the sides are doubly planked. Both sides down to the keel are also doubly planked.

She has had plenty of experience among the icebergs. Mr. Bowring, of the shipping firm of Bowring & Archibald, of New York, the agents of the Kite, says that if she hit an iceberg it would be a very bad thing for her.

Yamurs of this kind go north, loaded to the gunwales with coal, and if they are specially fortunate and catch their whales quickly, they leave the coal overboard to make room for the oil.

Some of the party back a whale or two, but the plan of the party is to make its zoological prizes much more varied than those of a whaler. Dr. Hughes expects to have a carnival among the birds of Greenland and fill up a large part of the stateroom's "twelve decks" with eggs, eggs and nests. Dr. Sharp will carry a Winchester rifle of a bore sufficiently large to enable him to bag with ease a polar bear, a walrus, a narwhal—the unicorn-whale—or a seal. Reindeer and musk ox will tumble before his bullets if he has the luck he hopes for.

Lieut. Peary said that the chief object sought to be accomplished by the expedition is the solution of the problem whether Greenland is an island or a continent. "It is a continent," he seems to me that the weight of the evidence is that way. Lieut. Peary continued, "the vexed question of the finding of the north pole will have been answered in the affirmative, for it will be necessary, in order to reach the pole, to penetrate further and further into the frozen country along the line of the western coast of Greenland. If it shall be proven that Greenland is a continent, many lives of explorers who might seek the north pole by sailing north will be spared."

In some parts of Greenland, particularly the north, the ice and snow, collecting for ages, has accumulated until it is a mile thick in some places. As it never melts, the surface is covered with a smooth ice. It is the discharge of ice by means of glaciers that keeps the supply down.

The weight of the snow pressing from the center to the edges forces the ice into the sea. It flows down the valleys into the sea, and the icebergs are broken off into icebergs. Greenland, therefore, is one huge iceberg factory as well as a refrigerator which, with its stock of millions upon millions of tons of ice stored up for eternity, has a tremendous effect upon the temperature of everything within hundreds of miles of it, and no doubt upon the climate of this country.

Lieut. Peary gives the following brief outline of his plans:

In July the party, numbering five or six, will go into winter quarters at Wha o in supplies for the "maneuvers" and lay out a route for the rest of the year. When he is at home he is the subject of more hair-raising tales than any beast of his dimensions, but Mr. Giles will not even concede the fact that he possesses a drop of poison in his whole anatomy.

"He is especially interesting," said his owner, "for he forms the link between the lizards and the crocodiles. He is probably the only specimen of this kind of lizard in the Smithsonian Institution, and his race is almost extinct."—Chicago Globe.

## AN ANIMAL WITH A NAME.

Something About the Heloderma Horridum.

"Let me introduce you to the Heloderma horridum," said O. P. Giles, the State veterinarian, yesterday, pointing to a glass case which stands in a conspicuous position in his wholesale department. The object referred to by such a resonant title was a little mass of black and gold beads stretched on one corner of the case on a heap of sawdust. Presently the mass became movable, a leg stretched itself out at one end, and the Helo, etc., stood revealed as one of the largest lizards ever hatched.

The animal is about sixteen inches in length, and of genuine Palastinian girth. The skin is covered completely with beautiful scales, and like Jacob's eyes, spotted and ringed. The shape of the spots is wonderfully regular, bearing a strong resemblance to the black and gold wall-paper of a dado. The tail is long and thicker than that of most lizards. Round it run three or four rings of gold. The head is broad and flat, with protuberances which conceal the tiny eyes when viewed from above.

"You are not obliged to call him Heloderma horridum all the time," said Mr. Giles. "Some people call him Heloderma suspectum, and others the Grana monster. I call him 'Tommy.'"

Mr. Giles clutched the reptile affectionately between his finger and thumb and set him on the floor. He moved as leisurely and dignified as if he were at home on the sands of Arizona. His forked tongue flicked incessantly in and out, his eyes rolled, and he looked altogether as if he might be an uncomfortable customer to deal with.

He is a native of the United States, and he is the subject of more hair-raising tales than any beast of his dimensions, but Mr. Giles will not even concede the fact that he possesses a drop of poison in his whole anatomy.

"He is especially interesting," said his owner, "for he forms the link between the lizards and the crocodiles. He is probably the only specimen of this kind of lizard in the Smithsonian Institution, and his race is almost extinct."—Chicago Globe.

America No Longer the Asylum for All of Adam's Kin.

Once upon a time James Russell Lowell sang of America, "She whose free latching water was drawn in against the poorest child of Adam's kin," says a London paper. That was true some years ago; it is not now. The laws against immigrants are at present severe in the United States. In too many cases the authorities emulate Goldsmith's "rude Caribbean Cook," who "shuts the door" on only foreign philanthropists forbidden to use the Republic as a refuge for their proteges, but no American employer can employ laborers under contract. In this way America strives to obtain the pick of European workmen—the enterprising and independent emigrants who can pay their own passage and have money to support themselves for some time. But, while New England has turned thus inhospitable, Old England is still the refuge of the oppressed and destitute of every race. Our "latching" is never "drawn in," the poorest and most wretched of the world are drawn in, and open the door.

Apart from a natural reluctance to the gate, we remember that if we suffer from the overflow of other nationalities we ourselves have sent to other lands many streams of population. Had not America during the last fifty years received millions of Irishmen, the condition of that island would have been deplorable. They were in 1841 over eight million, and had been exterminated on the brink of starvation, badly housed, badly clad, living on potatoes, and sometimes half starved, a ragged, servile horde of landless peasants. The emigration to America has given five millions of Irishmen in the States prosperity and comfort, and the four millions and a half in Ireland have about ten times the wealth of the eight millions of semi-paupers in 1841. Had not America been ready to receive that surplus we should have on our hands an Ireland so poor as to become a perpetual burden and a disgrace. It, therefore, hardly becomes the United Kingdom to object at altogether to alien immigrants. Too many of her own children have found fortune abroad.

Arctic and Ammonia.

The slow absorption of many poisons changes in some more or less modified form the complexion, but arsenic and ammonia show their effect about as quickly as any. The popular belief that arsenic clears the complexion has led many silly women to kill themselves with it in small, continued doses.

It produces a waxy, ivory-like appearance of the skin during a certain stage of the poisoning, but its terrible after-effects have become too well known to make it of common use as a cosmetic.

The effects of ammonia upon the complexion are directly opposite to that of arsenic. The first symptom of ammonia poisoning which appears among those who work in ammonia factories is a discoloration of the skin of the nose and forehead. This gradually extends over the face until the complexion has a stained, blotched and unsightly appearance. With people who take ammonia into their system, the small, dark spots which their water or food, these striking symptoms do not appear so soon. The only effect of the poison that is visible for a time is a general unwholesomeness and sallowness of the complexion.

Many people are slowly absorbing ammonia poison without knowing it. The use of ammonia in the manufacture has greatly increased of late, and it is unquestionably used as an adulterant in certain food preparations. Official analysts have plainly shown its use even in such cheap articles of

everyday consumption as baking powder. The continued absorption of ammonia in even minute quantities as an adulterant in food is injurious, not merely from its effects upon the complexion, but because it destroys the coating of the stomach and causes dyspepsia and kindred evils.

Professor Long, of Chicago, is authoritatively for the statement that if to fifty million parts of water there is one part of ammonia the water is dangerous.

## THE RACE TOUT.

Who He Is and How He Works and Picks the Winners.

"Hello, tout!" "That's right. Call me by my name. I'm a tout. But look here, do you know there is a wrong impression as to what a tout is? Well, there is. People think a tout is one who hangs around the race track and exerts his influence for smokers. To advise one man to bet on Bohemian Lad, and another man to bet on Grass Widow, and another to place his money on Biddy McHee, and so on till he gets a man to bet on every race. He marks them all, and when the race is over, and, for instance, Bug Holliday wins the race, he lays for the man who bet on the Bug, and when the lucky plunger draws his money the fellow demands \$1 or \$5 for giving his 'friend' the winning tip.

"Well, that is what most people think is a tout, but it's all wrong. A tout is a fellow who does more work at a race track at night than at day. He sleeps there all night, on the grass or on the roof of a shed, and gets up at 4 o'clock in the morning and waits for the trainers and jockeys to exercise the horses that are to run that afternoon. The tout thus finds out the exact condition of each horse. If Long John Reilly has been a favorite in the pools the night before and does not show up well in the early morning practice the tout will not bet on him, but will place his money on Tony Mullane, Lefty Marr, King Kelly, Chris Green, Joe Cook, or whichever horse shows up best in the trial. The tout always has a few dollars to bet himself, and in the long run, seldom quits loser, for he follows the races from place to

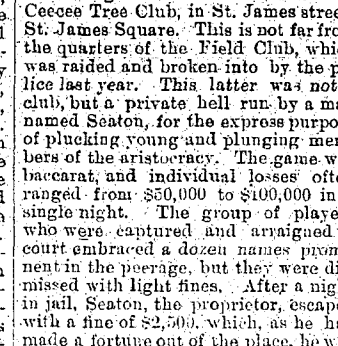


place and keeps posted all the time. He is a tout several years now and I find it better business than carrying samples.

"Are you doing well at this meeting?" "Not very. So far everybody, including the touts, seem to be getting the bad end of this meeting. I'm broke now, and you'll save a life by inviting me to take a drink."

Gambling in England. In aristocratic society in England gambling has always been one of the agencies to while away time and get rid of the guineas. Very nearly all the ladies bet on the races, and incline to any gambling that is going on. Many of them meet regularly for baccarat, roulette, or any other banking game, and lose and win appreciably. Englishmen who gamble for high stakes, however, always do it away from home, at their clubs, or in private quarters. As an example of how our lordly Britisher backs his horse, we quote from a few weeks ago, in an afternoon lost \$35,000 to a friend, but retrieved this and won \$75,000 more from his opponent before dinner. The only club now given to high play is the very aristocratic organization known as the Cecils Race Club, in St. James street, St. James Square. This is not far from the quarters of the Field Club, which was raided and broken into by the police last year. This latter was not a club, but a private hall run by a man named Seaton, for the express purpose of plucking young and plunging members of the aristocracy. The game was baccarat, and individual losses often ranged from \$50,000 to \$100,000 in a single night. The group of players who were captured and arraigned in court embraced a dozen names prominent in the peerage, but they were dismissed with light fines. After a night in jail, Seaton, the proprietor, escaped with a fine of \$2,000, which he had made a fortune out of the place, he was entirely willing to pay.

English as She Is Spoke.



How she would appear if she literally burst into tears.

An Inspiration of the Houseman. "That was an awful fact that befell today," said Mrs. Humphreys, looking up from her Bible. "It was," said her husband, "but it could not have befallen you."

"Why not?" "I would just have been as likely to look behind."

"But you couldn't have turned into a pillar of salt."

"Why not?" "You would have turned into a pillar of sugar."

And yet there are some pessimistic people who contend that marriage is a failure.

## HUMOR.

Twain His Biz.

It happened at Springfield. Scene barber shop. Victim (to barber)—Is this your establishment? "No, only half of it is mine."

"So you have a partner?" "The man at the next chair owns the other half."

"Why don't you own his share?" "That's my business."

"Well, if you own one-half and the other half your business, why don't you own the shop?"—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Strictly Pure. Customer—This ground coffee, you say, is perfectly pure? Salesman—Perfectly, ma'am.

Customer—Then how does it happen that you sell it cheaper than the unground coffee? Salesman—Er—ma'am—er—

Count-Downing Time. Little Dot—Mamma, please give me a whole lot of moth paper.

Mamma—What for? Little Dot—To pack my Kitty away. Her fur is all coming off.—Street & Smith's Good News.

## A Cool Suggestion.

Checkley Spats—Dear me! I wearily don't know what to do this summer to occupy my mind! Sally De Witt—Why don't you take a trip to the Antarctic Ocean? There's absolutely nothing going on there.

It Won't Seem So. "My salary has been raised," said he, "and I think I am in a position now where I can safely ask you to name the day."

"It would look that way to any one who could see us," said the blushing maiden seated at his knee.—Indianapolis Journal.

John, pass the cream. "What man to his son at the breakfast table in a West Side boarding house."

"There is none," mildly suggested the youth.

"What!" roared the parental parent. "There isn't a drop."

"Young man, hand over that milk pitcher or I'll knock the whole top of your head off!" exclaimed the irate paternal parent.

"Easy now, old man; you've given me too many lessons in linguistics and pal don't forget yourself, pa, and remember, if you can't just where we're boarding."—Kentucky Journal.

Charlie Played the Game. "Charlie isn't at home just now," said young Mrs. Tocker to a neighbor who had dropped in to spend the evening.

"He said he was going down to the club for a little freeze-out. I don't know exactly what that is, but I'm glad if he can find any cooling beverage during this awful weather."—Washington Post.

Tru's Prayer. A neighbor's family received news the other day of the arrival of a new cousin to be added to the group of two little cousins in a distant town.

At night, when little Ted came to say his prayers, feeling like throwing the mantle of his blessing over all his connections, he prayed something as follows:

"Oh, God, bless Dot, and Besie, and—oh—de older kid."—Waterbury American.

Entertaining Reading. Farmer—That was a stavin' paper you got out last week.

Country editor—A glad to hear that you were pleased with it.

Farmer—Them stories you had in about them rascals were the entertainingest bits of news we read for a long time.—The Hornet.

True Economy. De Jinks—Where d'ye get that suit? Finely—At Waste's.

De Jinks—Then you paid two prices for it, my boy.

Finely—Oh, no, I didn't. De Jinks—Well, you paid more than it was worth.

Finely—Nix! Fact is, I haven't paid for it at all.—Munsey's Weekly.

It Wasn't Poken. "One of the powers—You are accused of poker-playing."

Hastings—Yes. You see, my friend and I sat down for a quiet little game.

O. P. (growing interested)—Yes. Hastings—And he opened a pot for \$1.

O. P. (growing more interested)—Yes. Hastings—Well, I went in and drew five cards.

O. P. (more and more interested)—Yes. Hastings—I caught a pair of deuces; he bet \$5, and I called.

O. P.—On a pair of deuces? Hastings—Yes.

O. P.—The accusation is withdrawn; that wasn't poker.—Harvard Lampoon.

## (THE ARIZONA KICKER.)

Western Journalism Has Its Annoyances.

We Dip In.—Bill Buttricks, the mule-whacker on the other side of the creek, is trying to make a great mystery of the fact that he got a dose of bird-shot in this town the other evening. He says that some one certainly attempted to assassinate him as he was riding along "Cheyenne" street at midnight, and he thinks of offering a reward of \$200 for the arrest of the wretch.

William is simply playing the public, but he can't play us. We had just stretched out on our cot Thursday night, and the hour was about 12, when Bill came along on his old dromedary. We heard him cussing while he was yet a long ways off. When he reached the office he dismounted and hanted up a club, and went about to smash in a window when we peppered him with a handful of fine shot kept on hand for such emergencies. We hardly believed any of them would get through the buckskin and dirt, but it seems they did, and he had to have a doctor to pick them out. The best thing Bill can do is to keep quiet. He attempted a smart trick and got left, and there isn't a man this side of Tombstone who would have cared if all the shot had gone clean through him and his dromedary, too.

CALL HIM OFF.—If the so-called Major Skinner, who has loafed around this town for the last six months, has any friends who have his welfare at heart, they will call him off the perch. It seems the Major has been laying his pipes for office, and that our article of two weeks ago, asking him where he stole his last coat, has somewhat clouded his prospects. He now threatens to shoot us on sight, and was seen at the Postoffice yesterday with a big revolver belonging to Luke Higgins.

We regret these little annoyances but if they must be met we are not the man to shrink from the task. Tomorrow afternoon, after our first form goes to press and we work off 200 auction lists, we will send a man, gun and tackle, to wait for Major Skinner. He has departed for Tucson, he may live to be a hundred years old; if he hasn't, he will make No. 10 in our private graveyard. This is official, and comes right from headquarters.

POOR OLD MAN!—The wheezy, broken-backed press owned by our esteemed



contemporary fell to pieces the other day as he was getting ready to work his outside form, and as soon as we heard of the accident we tendered him the use of ours. He gratefully accepted, but alas, no act of kindness or generosity can change the leopard's spot.

His circulation, while given as 3,500, is in reality only 280. He had the manhood about him to bring along his 280 sheets of white paper and depend on our honor, but he hires a cart and drives over with two whole bundles, and then pretends he has run short! Two men were kept hard at work all day, and hundreds of sheets of paper recklessly wasted, that the old apprentice and falsifier might flatter himself that we were deceived. We don't like such men. We can't believe they are an ornament to a growing Western town.

No Boom.—We understand that several real estate firms in this town have combined to get up a boom and make a grand jump. They are going to put a half-page ad. for this week, but we didn't take it. As an individual we might cheat a man from Omaha at poker, but as an editor we can't be bribed to help swindle our subscribers. In order to offset the machinations of this syndicate we wish to say:

We have got the wag-end of one railroad here and neither want nor will ever be able to get anything more. Society is not cultivated. Such a thing as a toothbrush or a volume of poems found on a man here would hang him.

The land around the town is so poor that it takes nine feet of it over a dead mule to hold the carcass down. It is not a trade-center. We have the Digger Indian on three sides of us, and a large family of coyotes on the fourth.

The climate wobbles all over creation, making the demand for buffalo-skin overcoats and linen dusters about equal and mighty steady. It is not a sanitarium for invalids. If the climate didn't kill 'em, our doctors would.

This is about all, but enough to put our subscribers on their guard and to clear our conscience if our advice is not taken. Now, gentlemen of the combination, go ahead with your boom-let!—New York World.

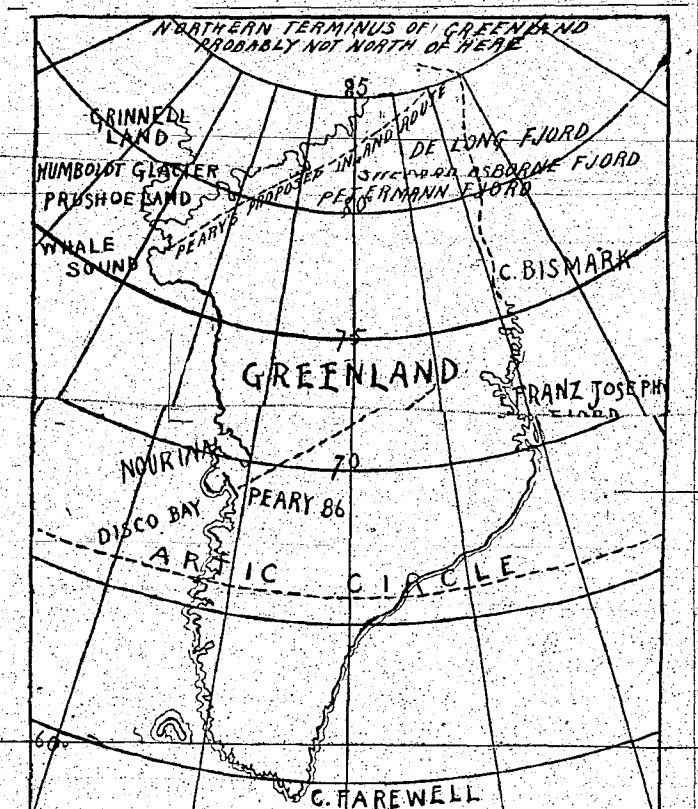
Cremation Popular Among the Japs.

Cremation flourishes in Japan. Tokio has six crematories, in which the bodies of at least one-third of the dead are burned. In 1884 11,023 of the 34,487 persons who died were cremated, and since burial in the city was forbidden the number has been increased. According to the style of cremation the price is \$3.75, \$2, or \$1. Sixty-six pounds of wood, which costs approximately 25 cents, suffices for the burning of a body in three hours.

THE UNITED STATES will soon be compelled to take some action to check the immigration of Russian Jews who are to be sent to this country aided by foreign societies. The Russian Jew is usually to be trusted, like the rest of his race, to make himself self-sustaining wherever he goes, but he comes here in this emergency a pauper and is indebted to the aid of others for his transportation. This brings him within the letter of the exclusion law, and the law should be enforced.

A MAN who gets the mitten is apt to be guilty of contempt of court.

THE railroad of China has American engineers.



MAP OF PEARY'S PROPOSED ROUTE.

far north of the most northerly point so far reached on the west coast of Greenland.

This theory is borne out by the configuration of the coast line, which narrows on both coasts toward the north, and it requires very little imagination to round out the island, making the northern limit cross a line about 400 miles from the north pole.

Lieut. Peary's idea is to reach this limit, establish stations there, and make those stations the starting point of another expedition to the pole itself.

This same latitude has never been reached by any of the many polar expeditions. The scheme, therefore, is to be a little north of the points where Peary, Payer, De Long, and Greeley left off, assuming that Greenland is an island, and that future expeditions will probably be made in strong whaleboats, carried in sections over the ice cap which covers the country. The surface of the cap is composed of a relatively smooth, and admirably uniform, mass of snowing which might be called luxuriant when compared with journeys over the jagged, frozen sea.

One of the reasons for believing in the existence of a channel at this point connecting the two oceans, is that a heavy

traversed is very rich in animal life, and it is intended to secure specimens of every creature that will kindly come within the range of the very effective guns that will be carried.

Polar bears, wolves, foxes, seals, reindeer, musk ox, walrus, and scores of animals almost equally interesting are to be found about Wha o Sound. Insects and birds fill the air. On land there are numerous and valuable specimens of fossils, and the botanist, though not as richly repaid for his labor as in other parts of the world, can find plenty to do among the lichens, mosses, grasses and flowers of the country.

There seems to be a way of curiosity just now about Greenland, for, in addition to the two expeditions on the Kite, at least two others have been fitted out in Northern Europe. Each, however, has its separate mission. While there will be, to a certain extent, scientific competition, the expeditions are not likely to come to blows, or even to meet. Patriotic Americans will, of course, hope that the Helprin party will carry off the laurels.

The Kite, in which the party will travel, is a typical whaler, not beautiful to the eye but powerful, seaworthy, and just about as unsinkable as a vessel can be made.

This craft, to which the party commit themselves and their hopes for a period of about four months, is bark built, but barkentine rigged, and though equipped with all the sails a vessel of her size can possibly carry, she has an engine and propeller. She relies chiefly on her canvas.

flow of water comes down the coast. It comes, probably, from the Atlantic, because the tides can be identified as Atlantic tides as opposed to those of the Pacific.

Whether these 400 miles between Greenland and the pole are filled in with only a frozen ocean broken up into an impassable ice surge, or whether there is a chain of islands giving tolerably easy access to the pole is, of course, yet to be determined.



EQUIPPED FOR TRAVEL.

In North Greenland the conditions are the same and the ice cap practically co-extensive with the land.

The Red Man's Bronco. The toughness and strength of the pony can scarcely be exaggerated. He will live through a winter that will kill the hardest cattle. He worries through the long months when the snow has covered up the bunch grass on a diet of cottonwood boughs, and the Indian cuts down for him; and in the spring it takes but a few weeks for him to scour out into splendid condition. He can go unheard of distances.

Colonel R. I. Dodge records an instance coming under his observation where a pony carried the mails 300 miles in three consecutive nights, and back over the same road the next week, and kept this up for six months without loss of condition. He can carry any weight. Mr. Parkman speaks of a chief known as Le Cochon, on account of his 700 pounds avoirdupois, who never tired of his ponies. He has often carried two people as one. There is simply no end to this wonderful product of the prairies. He works many years. So long as he will fatten up in the spring his age is immaterial.

The absence of crest in the pony suggests the curious query of what has become of the proud arching neck of his ancestors, the barb. There are two ways of accounting for this. The Indian's gag bit, invariably applied with a jerk, throws up the pony's head instead of bringing it down, as the slow and light application of the school curb will do, and this tends to develop the ewe neck. Or a more sufficient reason may be found in the fact that the starvation which the pony undergoes in the winter months tends to deplete him of every superfluous ounce of flesh.—Baltimore American.

A Cress of His Own.

Wooden—Did you go to the circus? Bullfinch—No, I didn't need to.

Wooden—Why? Bullfinch—We had twins at our house.







